

The History of

Prin. Your money.
Poyn. Villains.

*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poyn.
Set upon them, they all run away, and Fal-
staffe after a blow or two, runnes away too,
leaving the boory behinde them.*

Pri. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse, the theewes
are scattered, and posselt with fear so strongly, that they dare
not meet each other, each take his fellow for an officer: away
good Ned, Falstaffe sweats to death, and lards the lean earth as
he walks along: wert not for laughing, I should pitty him.

Poy. How the rogue roar'd!

Exeunt.

*Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter,
But for mine own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be
there, in respect of the love I bear your house.*

He could be contented, why is he not then? in respect of the
love he bears our house: he shews in this, he loves his own
barn better then he loves our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why that's certain, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to
drink; but I tell you (my lord fool) out of this nettle danger
we pluckt this flower safety.

*The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you named
uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole plot too light,
for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow
cowardly hinde, and you lie: what a lack-brain is this? by the
Lord our plot is a good plot as ever was laid, our friend true
and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation,
an excellent plot, very good friends; what a frosty-spirited
rogue is this? why my L. of Yorke commends the plot, and the
generall course of the action. Zounds and I were now by this
rascal, I could brain him with his ladies fanne. Is there not my
father, my unkle, and my self, L. Edmond Mortimer, my L. of
Yorke, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides the Dowglar?
have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of
the next moneth? and are they not some of them set forward
already? What a pagan rascall is this and Infidel? Ha, you shall
see now in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the

King,

Henry

King, and lay open all our pri-
felfe, and goe to buffets, for m-
with so honourable an action
we are prepared. I will set fo-
How now Kate, I must leav-

Lady. O my good Lord, w-
For what offence have I thi-
A banisht woman from my l-
Tell me, sweete Lord, what-
Thy stomacke, pleasure, and
Why dost thou bend thine ey-
And start so often when thou-
Why hast thou lost the fresh-

And given my treasures an-
To thicke-cy'd musing, and
In my faint slumbers, I by th-

And heard thee murmur tal-
Speake tearmes of mannage
Cry courage to the field: An-

Of sallies, and retires, trench-
Of Pallizadoes, frontiers, pa-
Of basilisks, of cannon, culve-

Of prisoners ransome, and of
And all the current of a head
Thy spirit within thee hath b-

And thus hath so besturd thee
That beds of sweat have stoo-
Like bubbles in a late distur-

And in thy face strange moti-
Such as we see when men re-
On some great sudden haste.

Some heavy businesse hath my
And I must know it, else he l-
Hot. What ho, is Gilliams

Ser. He is my Lord, an h-
Hot. Hath Butler brought t-
Ser. One Horse, my Lord, l-

Hot. What Horse? a Roan